

CLEVER BOUTS AT THE SEASIDE ATHLETIC CLUB

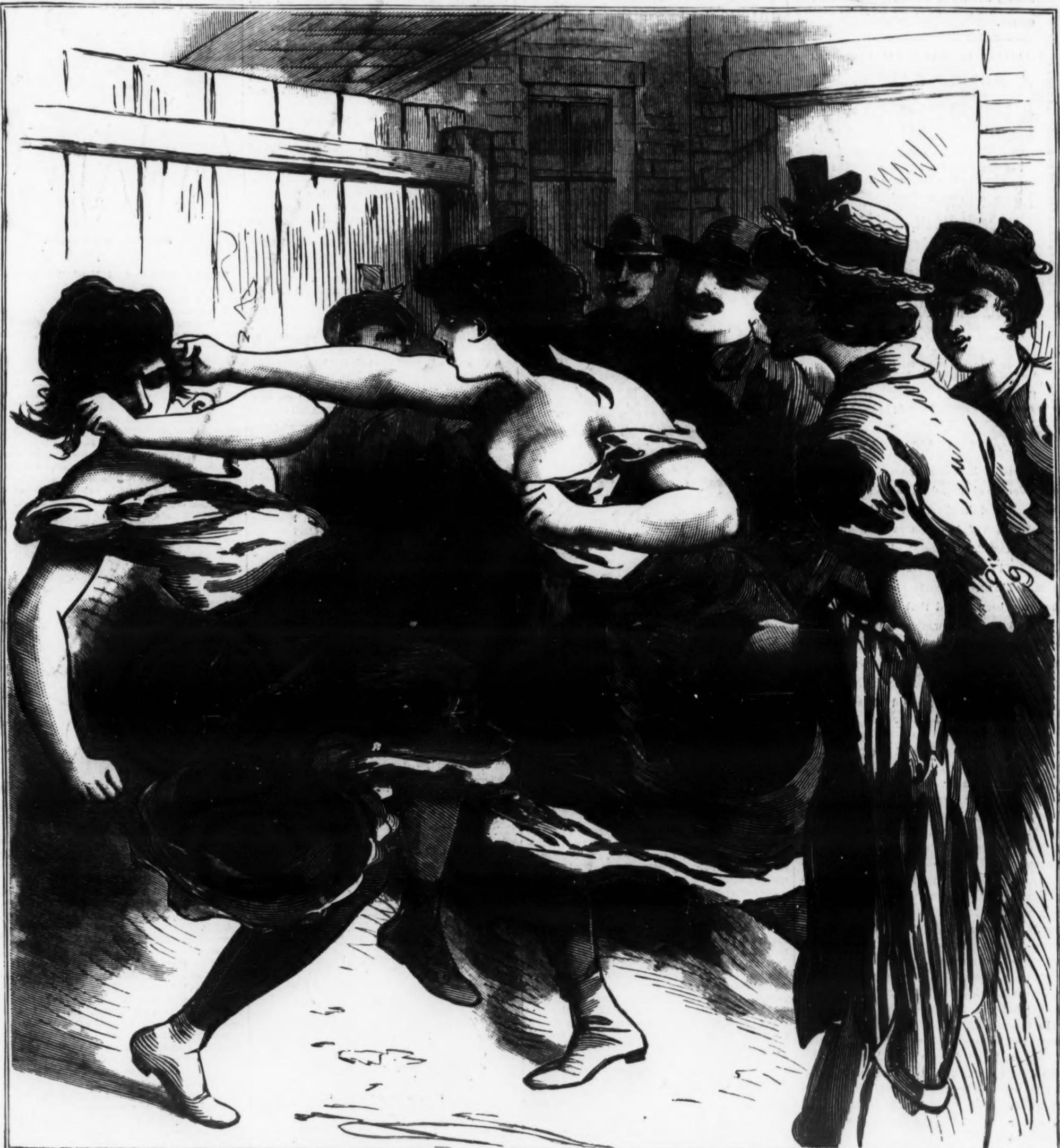
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

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PUGILISTIC YOUNG WOMEN.

THEY FOUGHT AT WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y., BUT THEIR "FINISH FIGHT" HAS NOT YET TAKEN PLACE.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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A FISTIC CARNIVAL!**POLICE GAZETTE, NO. 893,**

Will contain complete and reliable reports of the three fights that will take place in New Orleans, between

Plimmer-Murphy, Sept. 24,
Everhardt-Abbott, Sept. 25,
Fitzsimmons-Creedon, Sept. 26.

Published immediately after the last contest.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS

As there will be a great demand for this number, order it in advance from your newsdealer or send \$1 for 13 weeks' subscription, and secure the elegant souvenir that is presented, free, to every subscriber, address

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.**A PLEASANT HOAX.**

The match between James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson is now definitely off, and there is no prospect of the champion of the world and the champion of Australia ever meeting in a 24-foot ring. The attempt of the Sioux City Athletic Club to match both pugilists has been regarded in certain quarters as a huge joke. It has even been hinted that the Corbett party had used the alleged western club as a medium through which their theatrical interests might be judiciously advertised. The fact that the so-called representative of the mythical Sioux City Athletic Club presented himself in the East under an alias, and afterward turned out to be the manager of the local opera house, confirmed the suspicions of many that the whole affair was pre-arranged.

Corbett's manager, however, emphatically denies that there was any collusion between himself and the Sioux City Athletic Club in regard to the arrangements for bringing the big fellows together. Corbett also characterizes the story as entirely false, and issues a manifesto which plainly indicates that the champion's temper has run away with his better judgment. In it, he offers to fight Jackson privately or openly "in one week, one month, two months or three months' time, for as much money as he can raise, purse or no purse, in a club, on a barge, in a hack, in a room—anywhere in America." All of which is very interesting, but quite impossible.

In the meantime Jackson has become disgusted with the outlook, withdrawn his \$10,000 forfeit and sailed from New York City for the West Indies. The Australian claims that he has not been treated fairly, and that the articles of agreement which he was asked to sign were a great deal like the handle of a jug—all on one side.

From present appearances all indications point to the fact that the long-mooted question of fistic supremacy will go on being argued in the columns of too-willing newspapers.

EXTRA!**SOME INTERESTING BOUTS****Settled at the Seaside Athletic Club of Coney Island.****LAVIGNE VICTORIOUS.****He Gets a Decision From Marshall In Ten Rounds.****GRIFFO PLAYS WITH LOEBER.****The Crowd Objects To a Decision Giving Skelly the Bout With Gorman.****DUNN MAKES SHORT WORK OF BUTLER.**

A tremendous crowd journeyed to Coney Island on Sept. 17 to witness the four glove fights arranged by the popular Sea Side Athletic Club. The contests were between Jack Skelly, the ex-amateur champion 125-pound boxer, of Brooklyn, and Ed Gorman, the well-known 125-pound boxer; Mickey Dunn, of Australia, and Jim Butler, the colored middleweight champion of Philadelphia; Young Griffon and Eddie Loebner, amateur; and Jerry Marshall, the colored feather-



GRIFFO'S GREAT LEFT.

weight champion of Australia, and George Lavigne, of Saginaw, Mich., better known as Kid Lavigne.

The latter battle was looked upon as being the most important from the fact that Jerry Marshall is matched to fight George Dixon for \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" belt and the featherweight championship of the world, while Lavigne had fought with Young Griffon at Chicago. It was Marshall's first public essay in New York and many sporting men desired to see him perform so that they could get a line on his coming contest with Dixon.

As early as 7 P. M. crowds of sporting men began to arrive and a great crowd congregated outside the building and kept the big force of police busy. The boxes were quickly filled up with sporting men and among those present could be seen Dave Gleeson, Billy Lakeland, Fred Tarle, Alf Lakeland, John Highland, Small, John Kelly, Alf Corbett, Jack McDonald, Bob Irving, Jake Shipsey, John Kelly, E. H. Garrison, James McCabe, Johnny Lamley, Bill and George Shipsey, John Maloney, of Canada; John J. Quinn, of Pittsburgh; Davy Johnson, Lew Appleby, Ike Thompson, and hundreds of others prominently connected with the sporting world.

The referee was Dominick McCaffrey. Although the Brooklyn police authorities had issued a manifesto that there should be no knock-outs or slugging, the announcement did not keep away the sporting men, and many could be seen from Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Albany, Boston and other adjacent cities within five hundred miles of New York. Nearly every seat in the building was packed before Fred Burns, the announcer for the club, ascended the stage and made his opening oration. Betting is prohibited in the club; nevertheless, the choice spirits who bet thousands either on the turning of a card or the result of a race on the turf, privately bet fifties and hundreds on the result of each contest. Skelly was the favorite in the contest over Gorman, but there was no betting on the Griffon-Loebner contest; but on the Dunn and Butler contest there was brisk speculation, the Australian, on his great fistic reputation, being made the favorite, while in the Marshall and Lavigne bout neither was favorite, but the most money was put on Marshall by the Western delegation, while the New Yorkers put their money on Lavigne.

NEXT WEEK—No. 892—GRAND DOUBLE PAGE Showing Full Length Pictures, in Ring Costume, of Fitzsimmons-Creedon; Plimmer-Murphy; Abbott-Everhardt. These are the latest photographs and are unequalled for action, pose etc. Be sure you get this number. Sent by mail to any address, 13 weeks for \$1.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

The first of the boxers to mount the platform was Mike Dunn, of Australia, accompanied by his seconds, Griffon, Mike Haley, Harry Tuthill and Benny Dillon. Griffon was greeted with a round of cheers.

Jim Butler, of Brooklyn, followed, and was well received. His seconds were Horace Leeds, Frank White and Sol White. Fred Burns announced that the men would fight at 150 pounds. When they stripped Dunn

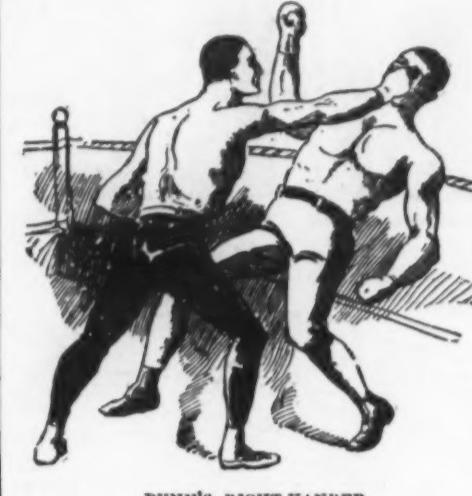
in his power to carry off the coveted honors and the purse which was the bone of contention.

In the first round both men displayed great science, and Lavigne demonstrated that he possessed all the latest shifts and dodges. He was as nimble as a mountain goat on his feet, while he would cleverly stop the agile Australian's straight left-hand leads and counters and cross-counters with wonderful quickness. It was apparent from the two men's style of fighting that no six rounds could decide a contest between such skillful, clever, practical boxers.

Marshall fully confirmed the high opinion entertained of him as a boxer, showing him off to be a very clever two handed fighter and a punishing hitter. Cool and collected, he was ever ready to meet Lavigne's fierce La Dixon rushes and to take advantage of any mistake or opening presented by his antagonist. The first round ended with honors even and it was a well-fought round.

In the second round Marshall tried to force the fighting and landed his left several times on Lavigne's stomach, while the latter made Marshall's head the target. Lavigne's masterly and manly style of fighting was greatly admired, gaining him a host of friends. Both managed to do effective work with both hands in this round, and if anyone Lavigne had the advantage.

Several bets of \$50 and \$100 even were made on Lavigne. From the cool way he boxed and from his quiet manner many supposed he was only awaiting an opportunity to land his right and end the contest.



DUNN'S RIGHT-HANDER.

looked much the heavier, and the fight was his from the start.

Dunn Makes Short Work of Butler.

Butler landed a couple of cracks in the first round, but they had no effect on Dunn.

The second round was so one-sided that Inspector Reilly held up his hand to Dominick McCaffrey, who stopped the bout and gave Dunn the decision. Time of round, 2 minutes 37 seconds.

An Unpopular Decision.

When Fred Burns introduced the next pair, Johnny Gorman, of Long Island City, and Jack Skelly, of Brooklyn, the applause was equally distributed between the two. The boys looked to be in tip-top condition and equally matched.

Gorman was seconded by Charles Harvey, Dan Custy, Jack Haggerty, Frank Burk, and Skelly by Jim Nelson, Billy McGarry, John Daley and Frank Connelly. The fighters weighed in at 125 pounds.

ROUND 1.—Gorman started in to force the fighting and landed several hard left-handers on Skelly's wind. After fighting a minute, Skelly landed with his left on Gorman's neck and knocked him down. The Long Islander was up and at his man in a second and the round ended slightly in favor of Gorman.

ROUND 2.—Skelly turned the tables somewhat and landed heavily on Gorman, fighting him to the ropes.

ROUND 3.—The fighting was even, boys going in some good ones.

ROUND 4.—A give and take rally in this round brought the spectators to their feet, and there was loud cheering as the boys went to their corners.

ROUND 5.—Gorman had the best of it all the way through. He led time and again, and made his leads tell on Skelly's wind and face. Gorman seemed to be the stronger.

As the boys came to the centre for the sixth round Burns announced that the fight had been stopped and that the referee had awarded the bout to Skelly on scientific points.

This decision was decidedly unpopular with the crowd, and there were loud cries for another referee. The crowd finally became so disorderly that Inspector Reilly notified them through Burns that if they wanted to see any more boxing better order would have to be maintained.

The best that Skelly was entitled to was a draw.

Grippo Plays with Loebner.

Young Griffon and Eddie Loebner next donned the mits to fight six rounds at catch weights. They fought a part of one. It was evident from the start that Loebner was simply a plaything for the clever Australian.

The Lavigne-Marshall Bout.

Marshall is a shrewd-looking negro, a trifle taller than Lavigne, and in reach of arm he also had the advantage. His countenance is thin, stern and forbidding. His eyes are deeply set in his head, under projecting and beetling brows, with high, prominent cheek bones, so that it must be a very difficult task to close his optics. His face appeared to be nearly all skin and bone, and presents an appearance of toughness, which gives the idea that he could stand a very considerable amount of pounding without serious detriment.

Lavigne did not seem to be so severely trained as his opponent. He was a trifle shorter of stature, but more robustly built, a splendidly made man with a form of perfect symmetry, indicating great energy and physical



RUBBING DOWN LAVIGNE.

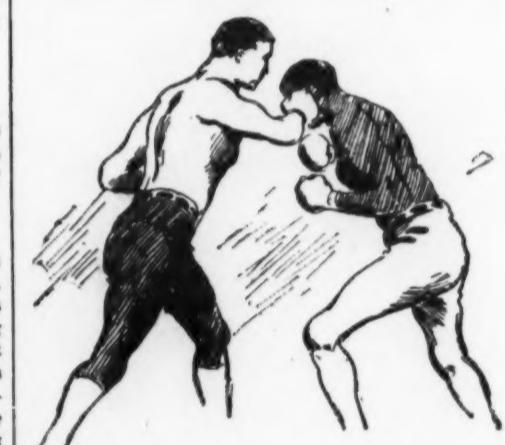
ROUND 3.—Lavigne used Marshall for a chopping block, and the round was so one-sided the crowd howled with glee for Lavigne.

ROUND 4.—Lavigne lost no time, but landed punch after punch on Marshall's head and body, getting away without any return. Marshall was game, but clearly overmatched.

ROUND 5.—Marshall held out his long arm and kept the Kid off for a few seconds. He then introduced some more ducking tactics, but got it right and left for his pains.

ROUND 6.—Marshall made some wide and wild swings in response to the Kid's straight drives. Finding he could not land, Marshall tried to avoid punishment by holding Lavigne off at arm's length. The Kid, however, managed to get in a few soakers without return.

ROUND 7.—Marshall had orders to force the fighting, and attempted to do so for about a minute. The happy expression on Lavigne's face evidently pleased Jerry, as he again attempted to stop the Kid's rushes by holding



LAVIGNE STOPPING MARSHALL'S RUSH.

him at arm's length. Just as the gong sounded Lavigne landed right and left on the wind.

ROUND 8.—Marshall again made an attempt to fight, but Lavigne was too strong and clever. He easily stood him off and hit Jerry a few soakers for good measure.

ROUND 9.—In this round Marshall did get in one square punch on Lavigne, but got half a dozen in return. At this point the spectators began to leave the building.

ROUND 10.—Like all the others, Lavigne had it all his own way.

Fred Burns announced McCaffrey's decision: "The referee has nothing against any color, and Lavigne is the winner." It was a decidedly popular verdict.

The contest between Marshall and Lavigne was one of the best displays ever witnessed. Marshall is a strong rough fighter, very clever and has a thorough knowledge of ring tactics, but whether he could defeat Dixon is an open question. Prize ring critics who closely watched his every movement did not think so. Outside of the featherweight champion he is the best man at his weight in this country. But his forte, judging from his exhibition with Lavigne, is finish fighting. He doubtless possesses more than ordinary stamina, but it is doubtful whether he can hit as hard or as quickly and effective as Dixon.

power. As they stood there on guard, erect and defiant, their flesh glowing in the strong light, Lavigne like polished bronze, and Marshall like polished ebony, a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd. Marshall looked stern and vindictive, while Lavigne, the great little Michigan boxer, looked smiling and confident, and gave assurances of a determination to do all

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SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.]

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

3

MASKS AND FACES.

Plump Little Della Fox Goes A-Banting.

STARRING FOR A NIGHT.

A Number of Pretty London Gaiety Girls Arrive In New York.

THE SAD CASE OF MARION MANOLA.

Already they say Della Fox is realizing that being a star isn't all cakes and ale.

In fact, it's not half as much fun as being just a popular soubrette.

Suppers, cocktails, oysters and other indulgences of the season are now proscribed. Miss Fox, under the new regime, is now even obliged to go to bed early. Miss Fox's sister, Mrs. Nat. Roth, in the last few weeks has developed into a most prepossessing dragon. It is she who conducts Miss Fox to her couch every night to see that she is properly tucked in; it is she also who has proscribed sugar, hot rolls and marmalade in general, and who chaperones Miss Fox when she goes a bicycling in the early morning. That the little prima donna is going to work in earnest is evident. Last week she ordered a grand piano and a pair of scales. Her sole dissipations now consist in trying her voice and her weight.

By the way, Della Fox in the role of a moralizer and a lecturer to young men about town is simply delightful. In morning paper, recently, she gave utterance to some very sound advice to foolish young men. Here is one of her bits of wisdom: "You had better stay on your side of the footlights!" That is the wisest thing I have ever heard in my life, because most young men seem to think they are bound in duty, when they get in the company of actresses, to make fools of themselves and squander money which often belongs elsewhere.

Miss Fox's experiences must be numerous with the young man known as the "mash" variety, and the stories she tells should put a damper on the enterprising young men who send "mash" notes to popular actresses. As a rule, these misses are read aloud to friends, with the accompaniment of scornful laughter. Her little hints as to how a young man should behave in the company of an actress are very quaint and to the point.

We all know the variety that calls out in a gross voice: "Walter, another bottle!" so as to attract attention to himself and his companion, and is called to task by Miss Fox. Altogether, I think that the fond mammas of Gotham—those whose sons are gilded boys—should sign a round robin thanking Miss Fox for her words of wisdom. She has always behaved like a trump behind and before the footlights, and this plain talk may do more good than she builded on.

"You don't know how funny it seems to be a star for a night," said the soubrette. "I was a star for two hours only, but now I can realize the pathos of Mulvany's stock remark: 'I was a corporal wunst!'

"I've always thought that poor Mulvany would make a capital patron saint for us soubrettes. We have such lots of things in common. Both of us racket about the country and have seen more or less hard service. We've had our ups and our downs, and we've survived them both. And then we're both good fellows. But that's not what I started out to say. What I was going to say was this: I'm a jay. I was born in a jay town, and it took that same jay town to properly appreciate my genius. Talk about prophets not being appreciated in their own country! Well, perhaps prophets may not be; but ou-rettes are, you just be. When I ran away from home I joined an opera company and sang in the back row of the chorus all through the West. In about four months we struck Ohio, and I found out, to my horror, that we were billed to appear in my own town. Our star was a jolly good sort, and when he heard of it he said:

"I say, Mamie, we'll have to promote you to the front row to-night."

"So there I was right in the front line of the chorus when the curtain went up. The house was packed, and the management of the roller-skating rink company sent down their brass band to serenade me at the stage door. After the first act there was no one in it but me and the star. They called us out six times, and then the whole house set up a shout for 'Mamie, Mamie, Mamie!' If 'Honey Boy' had only been written then, I suppose they would have sung the rest of the verse, but as it wasn't they just hung on to the 'Mamie' with all their lungs. I had to go out and make a speech, and then they bombarded me with no less than twenty-seven bouquets.

"After the performance no less than seven fatted calves were killed, so, although ours was a large company, there was enough to go all round. The Board of Aldermen came on the stage and presented me with a gold medal on behalf of the town. The Mayor in his speech declared that when next I appeared there it would be as a histrionic star of the first magnitude. And I, like a little fool, told him he was dead right. I've always regretted that remark of mine. It's made an exile of me for seven years. I've never dared to go home again since for fear of ruining my first experience.

I believe they still speak of me as a great star at home. What's the good of destroying the illusion by telling them that I'm still in the back row? The medal is hooked, the roses are faded, the press notices I got in the home journals have been used for curl papers; as for me, well—the chorus girl began to hum that immortal strain from 'Adonis':

I thought to fill this world with wonder,
But in the chorus still am I.

This is ominous news that comes from Paris. A French chemist has invented a new face powder, which not only renders its wearer's face impervious to the rays of the electric light but makes its features stand out distinctly in the blackest sort of night. The chemist, it is said, cribbed the idea from a luminous match-box. When once this face powder reaches America we shall have the soubrette lighting our darkness at all hours. Illuminated ingenues will become a drug in the market, and even an incandescent leading lady after a little time will call for no surprise. Its usefulness will prove far-reaching. For those actresses who have outlived their usefulness on the stage this face powder will open a new profession. With its aid they might qualify for first-class lighthouses.

There is something very touching in Marion Manola-Mason's story. After an unhappy marriage and various vicissitudes, she fell desperately in love with Jack Mason, a passion which was returned, and apparently the talented couple had drifted into a happy haven, with years before them and vistas of success. Jack had overcome an undermining drug habit, and all went on oiled wheels—when, snap! the little woman's head gave away. The trouble with creditors, the recent rows with a Boston manager and a chronic neuritis all contributed toward the sad denouement, with, perhaps, the suspicion of drugs lurking, sinister fashion, in the background.

I am not going to inflict you with any moral to this.

Jack Mason is of very good family, a naturally talented fellow and with a heart as big as an ox. His magnetism, fine presence, good voice and winning manners made him a favorite with every one. He never displayed any particular will power, but seemed to drift along in the sunshine of success.

Marion Manola was just the reverse. She was terribly in earnest. A mass of nerves, a woman who

than I could stand, so I went in and begged her pardon."

His friend looked at him a moment, and then said, quizzically:

"Are you sure that she didn't know you were looking?"

Later a separation did occur, and May Yohe is now the popular idol of London and drag captive at her wheels a noble lord, while Jack is in Boston suffering the first bitter sorrow of his life.

Twenty pretty Galey girls tripped down the steamship Berlin's gangplank last week when the American lines tied up to the pier, and everybody on the dock held their breath. Such a cargo of loveliness hasn't been landed on a New York pier in the memory of the oldest freight handlers. There were also thirteen male members of the "Galey Girl" company on the Berlin, but for all the attention they received from the crowd in waiting they might just as well have stayed at home.

The young women sat or stood about among their baggage, which was piled almost mountain high upon the dock, and gracefully allowed themselves to be gazed at. The first favorable impression made as they ran down the gangplank was heightened and strengthened by a closer inspection. There are great things in store for the Johnnies and the front row habitués of Daly's Theatre.

There is one young woman in the chorus of Francis Wilson's Company who awoke the other morning to

number, wrote her a note asking if it would surely come on time. She replied with a telegram:

"I am thinking. I do not want you to get worried."

By the next mail she received a special delivery letter from him:

"I can make neither head nor tail of your incomprehensible telegram. What do you mean by 'I am thinking' I do not want you to get married?"

And although the horrified actress sent immediately a carefully worded explanatory telegram, she does not yet dare call at the editorial sanctum, for fear of hearing that the unprotected editor has left the country and gone to parts unknown.

FITZSIMMONS AND CREEDON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bob Fitzsimmons and Dan Creedon are busy training for their coming fight in New Orleans, La., on Sept. 26. A picture of Fitzsimmons' training quarters appears on another page, as well as illustrations of the severe work which Dan Creedon is now doing.

"You can tell my New York friends," writes Fitzsimmons, "that I am in the best of health, and feel good and strong. I am almost at weight. The weather is very hot in New Orleans, but I rather like it for training, and I am thoroughly acclimated by this time. On very warm days I do most of my work in the early morning and spar continually with Jim Dwyer, who is getting quite clever. I do not think my fight will last very long and feel as confident as ever. I will start for New York after the fight, as I open in Paterson, N. J., on Monday, Sept. 29, with my show. Perhaps it is just as well that Jackson and Corbett are not yet matched, as this leaves an opportunity for Corbett and myself. After I get through with Creedon, Corbett will have to talk turkey with me or resign the championship."

Col. J. D. Hopkins, Creedon's manager, arrived in New York recently.

"I never saw a more confident man in my life than Creedon," says the Colonel. "He has been itching for this match ever since he came to this country, and now he's contented. Dan doesn't underestimate Fitzsimmons. No one knows the latter's ring tactics better than Creedon, and I think the sporting world will be treated to a greater surprise than was furnished by that remarkable person, Young Griff, recently. I think Jim Hall has a pretty fair idea of what both men can do, and he is sure Fitz has a mighty hard job on hand. Creedon will not leave for New Orleans until a few days before the fight. The club is bound to do well, for not less than one hundred St. Louis men alone will be at the ringside. If the other big sporting towns send as many, the Olympic Club's arena will not be big enough."

CAUGHT A SHARK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Gertrude Lyon, who is camping with friends at Sherwood's Point, near Norwalk, Conn., caught the largest fish of her life on a recent afternoon. She was fishing with her father, James Lyon, when she felt an unusually strong tug at her line, and being unable to pull whatever was at the end toward the boat, called on her father for assistance. They played with the fish until at last the mouth of a shark yawned uncomfortably close to the boat. Miss Lyon was frightened, but her father grasped a clam rake and dealt the shark a blow that killed it. He then fastened the fish to the boat and rowed to the camp ground, where the shark was found to measure 7 feet in length.

BLINDED HER RIVAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Several months ago Minnie Broitz, the handsome daughter of Mrs. Louise Broitz, of 189 East Erie street, Chicago, Ill., was married to August Frantz, a young cigar manufacturer. The wedding was a quiet one, and Mrs. Broitz insisted that they should make her home their home. Accordingly the family remained united and continued to live at 189 East Erie street.

The happiness of the groom was of short duration, however, as a disturber, in the person of Wm. Leath, department manager for the Western Union Telegraph company, entered his home. Leath was also married and resided with his wife, a petite blonde, next door to the Broitz domicile. Leath was divided in his love for beauty. When he married his wife he thought that blondes were the most priceless jewels in beauty's diadem, but when he met Mrs. Frantz his taste changed. He was captivated with her and decided to make a conquest. This he did and then his wife began to grow suspicious and decided to investigate. Her investigations are said to have produced a startling corroboration of what were at first but suspicions. She saw, it is chronicled in the annals of the justice shop, her husband clasp her rival in his arms, saw his lips touch her lips in kisses warm, and saw more, much more.

The next night she did not retire as usual but sat up awaiting the return of her husband. From the front window she saw his familiar figure ascend the steps and enter the portals of the Broitz household. In stocking feet the injured wife descended the stairs, rushed into the room and discovered her husband with her rival. She blinded the woman with red pepper.

GEORGE R. ELLIOTT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

All showmen, as well as laymen, concede the fact that the Wild West is the best advertised show extant. Mr. George R. Elliott, who began with Barnum, from whose school he graduated with laurels and who had the hard work of successfully billing the attraction of Cody & Salsbury during the World's Fair, has had charge of the same work in and around New York, ever since the present advent of Buffalo Bill. The result of his gilt-edged labors can be seen on every block within a radius of 100 miles around New York, and are fully appreciated by the Advertising Manager, Carter Couturier, than whom no better advertiser lives. With the natural advertising abilities possessed by Mr. Elliott, and under the tutelage of so able a superior as Couturier, he is sure to be heard from. His picture appears in this issue.

A TRUE PARISIAN STORY. "THE DEVIL'S COMPACT." No. 4 of Fox's Sensational Series is having an enormous sale, and no wonder, as it is the liveliest novel of the day. One of Zola's best. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



DELLA FOX ON HER WHEEL.

easily made enemies, for her temper was short and her tongue biting. But she had an intense temperament, was talented and an ambitious worker.

These two people just supplemented each other's deficiencies and all should have gone well. But bad luck began after their marriage and persistently pursued them until this latest catastrophe.

Jack Mason, until his marriage, led the gayest bachelor existence imaginable.

When he concluded to endow with all his earthly goods May Yohe he was so poor that their housekeeping was run on a scale that was almost poverty-stricken. May did the household scrubbing and cooking, sewed and behaved herself generally like a little trump. She, too, was desperately in love with Jack, and, spoiled favorite as she had been, she behaved in all respects like the model wife of a poor man. But she jarred on Jack's nerves at times terribly.

One evening Dick Golden, with a party of friends, was at Mason's lodgings, and Dick, feeling inspired, gave

with pathetic power the scene in "Old Jed Prouty" when he discovers his dead, frozen daughter and clasps her newly-born infant to his arms, thanking God for leaving that last remnant of the dear, dead one. Every-

body in the room was weeping except the Yohe. This young lady, who was sitting near a table, put her feet on it, and, grabbing up her pup, said with a dry drawl:

"Rotten, Dick! rotten!"

The indignation was so great that the party broke up, and Jack went out vowing he would never return. He was backed up in this by his friends, who declared that such a woman had no heart. A few days later some one met Mason and asked where he was living:

"Oh, at home," he said. "You see, when I left you fellows I got thinking what a little trump that girl was at home to stick to me and work so hard when she might be wearing diamonds. So I went in very quietly, and, finding that she had gone to her room, I got on a stepladder and looked over the transom. And what do you think the little darling was doing? She was sending a penny valentine to her mother!" That was more

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LOTTIE GILSON.

A VAUDEVILLE ARTIST OF WIDE REPUTE, WHO IS NOW WITH THE RUSSELL BROTHERS' COMEDIANS.



CAUGHT A SHARK.

PLUCKY MISS GERTRUDE LYON LANDS A LARGE MAN-EATER, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HER FATHER, NEAR NORWALK, CONN.



KILLED BY ACCIDENT.

MISS SIDNEY CALLIHAN SHOOTS HER BOSSOM FRIEND, FLORA MARSH, WHILE CARELESSLY HANDLING A REVOLVER, AT JOHNSTOWN, PA.



WHIPPED BY WOMEN.

A NOTORIOUS WIFE-BEATER IS DRAGGED FROM HIS HOME AND SEVERELY BEATEN, AT WALDO, FLA.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Pretty Woman Who Failed As a High Kicker.

IN LOVE WITH AN ACTOR.

He Married Her To Obtain Social Prestige and a Separation Followed.

SHE LIKED TO WEAR TIGHTS.

Mrs. Grace Roth, is a plump and exceedingly pretty brunette, twenty-two years old, who, until a few days ago, lived with her mother, Mrs. Olivia Clifford, in a neatly furnished flat at 75 West One Hundred and First street, New York city.

Mrs. Clifford is a widow, but young Mrs. Roth is not. Her husband is just now an involuntary boarder, at the city's expense, in the Tombs. He says he is awaiting trial on a trumped-up charge of larceny, preferred by his wife and mother-in-law. But that is another story.

The little comedy in the Clifford-Roth flat, the last scene of which was acted out in the Harlem Court, began some days ago, when the neighbors complained to Mrs. Van Brunt, the janitress, that unless the Clifford-Roth combination moved their attraction to another house they (the tenants) would. According to the complainants, there was more amber fluid than water used in the flat, notwithstanding the fact that it contained all modern improvements. To sleep at times in adjoining apartments was out of the question. One afternoon there was such a high-rolling time in the flat that the neighbors in No. 73 complained to the janitress that they feared a sick child would be killed by it.

Mrs. Van Brunt told Justice Taintor that when she went up stairs to remonstrate with the Clifford-Roth combination she found it in a very bibulous state and preparing to move. A mild request from the janitress for less noise had a startling effect upon young Mrs. Roth. She at once became an entire vaudeville show in herself.

"Whoopie!" she cried. "Watch me quiet down."

And she made a shot at the chandelier with a dainty little foot. Her effort was a brave one for a short, little woman like Mrs. Roth, and it deserved better success. She didn't connect with the chandelier, for somehow the other foot flew out also, and there was a meeting between the floor and young Mrs. Roth that shook the whole house. Then she was mad all over. She got up on her feet again and with a wild whoop went about that flat like a wild steed in a china shop. And the effect was about the same. A glass in a stationary sideboard was scattered four ways, she jabbed her pretty little fist through a glass door, and Mrs. Van Brunt's retreat was hastened by a shower of crockery and glass-ware that made the welkin ring about that flat.

Big Policeman Wanamaker, of the West One Hundredth street squad, hurried upstairs and tried to quiet things down. But he had a time doing it. As his expansive person appeared in the doorway Mrs. Roth pulled up her sleeves and cried:

"I never saw the policeman yet I was afraid of. Come inside till I show you how I do it." Then she went for Wanamaker and landed a pretty little right-hander on his cast-iron chin. He didn't mind it, and started to take Mrs. Roth to the station house. It was the liveliest block and a half he ever walked. But he got there at last, and finally to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, where an ambulance surgeon dressed her badly cut hand. Mrs. Roth had lost all her friskiness by the time she reached court, and had nothing to say as Justice Taintor fined her \$10. A dapper young man, who said he was the prisoner's cousin, stepped up to the desk and said, in a loud tone, that he would pay the fine under protest.

"You don't need to pay it," said Justice Taintor; "she can go to jail for a dollar a day."

But the fine was paid and the two left the court.

Mrs. Clifford's husband, it is said, died six months ago. He was prominently connected with the New York Central Railroad, and left his widow considerable money. Shortly after his death Grace married a young man named Theodore Roth against her mother's wishes. On Aug. 19 he was arrested and held for trial for the larceny of \$300 worth of clothing from the flat. The only witness against him was a little child named Turner, who said Roth looked like a man she saw coming out of the flat the day of the robbery. Roth now declares that the charge was trumped up against him, so that in case of conviction his wife could get a divorce from him. He said that Mrs. Clifford wanted her daughter to marry an elderly man who had plenty of money and when the young people got married secretly she did all she could to separate them.

"Our life was a continual wrangle," he said, "and finally mother and daughter got to staying out all night. They would come home with plenty of money, shake it in my face and laugh at me. I was dispossessed several times because of their actions."

"After a while I left them and went to live with my sister. But Mrs. Clifford wanted her daughter divorced and made me all sorts of offers if I would consent to it. This charge of robbery is only a part of the same game. But I hope now that the public will see what kind of women make the charge and that I will soon be out of this."

George W. Fawcett is said to have married his wife for the social prestige the alliance would give him. Unfortunately for her, Annie Crossman's reason for consenting to become George's wife was the more romantic one of love. It is not strange, therefore, that the Chicago divorce courts now have the task of reviewing the skeleton which flourished in their family closet during the short period they lived together. Fawcett was the first one to appeal to the court in a bill for divorce, charging willful desertion, and now comes a pathetic story on the wife's part by way of an answer to the bill and a cross-bill, which were filed in the Circuit court of Chicago by Manlove & Force. Fawcett's bill was filed in July last, but escaped public notice.

There are two classes of people who will be interested in the details of the story, the theatrical world and New York's elite society. The complainant is well known to theatre-goers and is an actor of renown. During the summer of 1892 he played in "Blue Jeans," then at McVicker's theatre, and he has also been seen in "Alabama" and other high-class plays. According to his wife he draws \$75 weekly for his summer engagements and \$125 a week for the winter seasons. For the defendant it can be said that she is descended from one of the most illustrious families of New York. She is a sister of Henrietta Crossman, whom every one will remember as the leading lady of one of Frohman's companies and who created the part of *Gloriana*, or at least made it famous. The Crossmans are people of wealth and have for generations moved in New York's best social circles. It was through Henrietta Crossman that

joined her husband at Philadelphia, intending to finish the trip with him. Fawcett, however, would not listen to this and sent her back to her parents. In the following May he went to Chicago to fill a summer engagement and after arriving he failed to keep his promise to send for her. Instead he sent her a letter stating that it would be better for his contentment and hers that she stay in New York. Then the wife realized that the struggle to keep her shame from the world was hopeless, but she determined to make one more effort at reconciliation. Borrowing money from her father she went to Chicago and stayed one month despite the complainant's coldness and rudeness toward her.

All of her pleadings to have him keep up an appearance were useless, for in the latter part of June, 1892, he insisted on a separation. The wife was soon homeless, moneyless and friendless in a strange city, and says she had to pawn her jewels to get back to New York. A few days after her arrival her mother received a letter from Fawcett in which he stated that it was the only thing Anna could have done.

"Anna had to come to me because she thought it was her duty," he wrote, "and I knew she was willing to sacrifice herself. We were on the road to human misery and I felt that my coldness was a cruel kindness. She was wrong to insist upon our living together because it was a religious duty, not realizing that for happiness we must have a love for each other well attuned." In the face of this letter Fawcett says in his bill that Anna deserted him.

Since the commencement of his suit the complainant sent a lady friend to his wife to learn if she was going to file a cross-bill charging him with infidelity, and while at the Players' Club in New York sent requesting an interview, which was refused. That is Anna has heard from him since the separation. During the time they lived together, she says, he did not give her sufficient money to get decent clothing. After their separation she refused to accept money from the man who had ruined her life and heroically went to work in the New York pension bureau. A short time after she ran a small bill for necessary clothing, the bill for which the milliner sent to her husband. He refused to pay for her extravagances, as he saw fit to call it. In her cross-bill the wife gives the secret of their unhappy life, which was a love by her husband



SHE MISSED THE CHANDELIER.

her sister met Fawcett. The actor is a pleasant-mannered fellow, and when he laid siege to Anna's heart she soon surrendered it to his keeping.

They were married in a little New Jersey town on Sept. 13, 1891, and lived together until June 29, 1892. In her answer Anna says that she had been tenderly reared and judiciously instructed by her parents, and before her marriage had a very happy home, surrounded by the refinements and luxuries of life. The first week after her wedding the defendant discovered that Fawcett's tastes and inclinations were radically different from her own. As evidence of this she alleges that he carried on flirtations in a scandalous and brazen manner with all sorts of females whenever the opportunity offered. Her ideas of refinement and decency George ridiculed as childish and due to lack of experience with the world. His friends were in most instances persons whom she did not care to meet, and out of self-respect Anna was obliged to forbid him bringing them to their home. Many of his chosen companions were men and women of notorious immorality, and the second week after their marriage George expressed a desire to call on a dissolute woman.

She soon discovered, she said, that her husband was fond of women whose virtue had almost ceased to be even a memory, and with such he insisted that his wife should associate. Anna then realized that her whole future was to be surrounded with immorality and vulgarity and her love could not survive the suffering and mortification the complainant inflicted upon her. The mental anguish she suffered in consequence soon shattered her health and by the time they returned to New York in January she was a broken-hearted woman.

She resolved, however, to make the best she could of her life and above all to keep her domestic sorrows from the world, as her religious training was repugnant to relief by divorce. After a short stay at home she re-

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Mauer street. Mrs. Roosz went there and caught Sophie as she was coming out of the place. Sophie tried to run away, but Mrs. Roosz held on to her, and at last the girl was willing to accompany her mother.

Sophie soon got restless at home, and a few evenings later her mother saw her packing some things. Believing Sophie meditated another runaway trip, Mrs. Roosz quietly sent after Policeman Muldoon, who had the warrant for the girl. Sophie began to run and so did the policeman. He captured her after a lively chase, and when taken to court she said that she was going to No. 41 Bushwick avenue for her clothing when Muldoon arrested her. She laughed when the charge was read to her in court, and Justice Steer remanded her, when she will probably be committed to the Wayside Home.

BROKE HER ANKLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An elopement of sensational features developed at Gallipolis, O., recently. John W. Cunningham resides at Fayetteville, W. Va. He is a young man of excellent family. Cunningham met the belle of the rural neighborhood, a vivacious blonde. Her parents opposed the match. Correspondence was conducted through a convenient hole in a hollow tree. A younger brother delivered the last love message into unfriendly hands, and no other recourse was left but the usual West Virginia elopement. Miss Eisick donned her traveling costume and placed her pretty foot on a ladder improvised by her anxious lover. The step was ill advised. The frail ladder snapped under its tender burden, and the would-be bride of seventeen summers came in a heap to the ground, moaning with a broken ankle. The noise attracted the attention of the family, and the paterfamilias came out with a lantern and a shot-gun. Cunningham, an athletic young man, gathered the fainting young lady into his arms and struggled to a carriage in waiting, but not before he had received a charge of bird shot in his disengaged arm. Recognizing the danger of his position, and that flight was useless on the usual route, the couple drove to an obscure station on the Chesapeake and Ohio Road. Passing a few stations they left the train, and both received medical attention. They then hired a farmer's buggy, and the would-be bride and groom crossed over the rough woods to Gallipolis. Once there in the care of friends, they were made happy by tying of the nuptial knot.

GILBERT L. THOMPSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gilbert L. Thompson is a well-known fireman of Lansdale, Pa., where he has been the president of the Fairmount Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, ever since its organization in 1889. He has also been an active member of the State Firemen's Association of Pennsylvania for a number of years, being elected to the vice-presidency in 1892. At present Mr. Thompson is a candidate for the presidency and his chances look bright. A good likeness of him appears elsewhere.

KILLED BY ACCIDENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The killing of Miss Flora Marsh by her friend, Miss Sidney Callihan, startled Johnstown, Pa., recently. The girls, both about fifteen years old, were the closest companions, and went to Sunday school together the day previous. Their homes adjoin on Bedford street, Walnut Grove. Flora, later in the day, visited her friend, who was the daughter of William L. Callihan. The girls went upstairs together, presumably to arrange some flowers. Sidney opened a bureau drawer, where her father's self-acting revolver lay. She picked it up, and the next moment shot was fired. The bullet penetrated Miss Marsh's head above the left temple. The wounded girl fell unconscious to the floor. Surgeons were summoned, who made an ineffectual attempt to dislodge the bullet. The young victim died without recovering consciousness.

"I do not know how it happened," said Miss Callihan. "I have no recollection of putting my finger on the trigger, and what caused it to explode is a mystery to me."

The coroner will investigate the matter.

SURPRISED HIS WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The facts of a sensational shooting scrape at Elmwood Place, O., near Cincinnati, a few days ago, came to light by accident. William McClellan, who is a prominent stock-dealer at the stock yards, and his pretty wife live on Highland avenue. The husband's business requires him to be away all day. One day last week, after going, as usual, to the stock yards, he felt unwell and concluded to return home. On entering his house he was surprised at finding Burt Baer, a contractor at the village. On the sight of McClellan, the contractor made a dash for the door and got outside safely. The enraged husband, in the meantime, had drawn his revolver and fired two shots at Baer. All the parties to the affair have tried to suppress the facts as given above, but it leaked out. The matter will end in the divorce court, as Baer has an estimable wife and an interesting family of children.

O'BRIEN-DONOVAN BOUT A DRAW.

A large crowd witnessed a great sparring contest at Rockland, Me., Sept. 14. The contestants were Joe Donovan of Rockland, Me., and Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me., who challenges the world at 145 pounds. Donovan put up a magnificent fight, showing form that was a revelation to his admirers. He displayed his customary courage before O'Brien's stiff blows, and was not only standing at the end of the six-round limit, but had begun to administer a punishing which was having a telling effect upon the noted Lewiston pugilist.

The men fought furiously in the first three rounds, and Donovan showed up surprisingly fresh in the fourth round, and some stiff blows were exchanged before its close. The fifth round found Donovan facing his man as cool as at the start. Donovan put up a particularly stiff fight in the sixth and last round, and O'Brien declared a draw. O'Brien was greatly dissatisfied at the result.

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SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.]

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

7

HE TRAPPED HIS WIFE.

A One-Act Play Recently Performed at Jersey City, N. J.

SEVERAL LIVING PICTURES.

Leah Bernard Thought It Real, But She Was the Only Victim.

DONE TO STOP HER ALIMONY.

Trapped by detectives! Here will be told how the beautiful wife of a wealthy New York importer was led into a hotel and found forgetful of her marriage vows.

On a recent Friday evening Harry Leonard, of Bayonne, N. J., son of H. W. Leonard, of No. 128 Broadway New York, called in a cab at the home of Mrs. Leah Bernard, the wife of Abraham Bernard, from whom she was living apart, at No. 353 West Thirty-ninth street.

Leonard and Mrs. Bernard drove to the Desbrosses street ferry, dismissed the cab and proceeded to Jersey City. At the Montgomery street landing they took another cab, and were driven to the Academy of Music, where they remained until the play was over. From the theatre they took a street car to Taylor's Hotel. There they had an expensive supper, with plenty of champagne, and later were shown to room 59, Leonard having previously registered as Archie Hall and wife, Philadelphia.

At about 1:30 A. M. Saturday, not quite an hour after the couple had retired, two men entered the hotel office and scanned the register. One was William C. Phelan, a private detective, having an office with Lawyer Leonard, and the other was Constable Barrett, of Squire Geiger's office, in Jersey City. Phelan was highly pleased when he saw the names of the new arrivals on the register. He electrified the clerk by demanding that he be shown to room No. 59. The clerk demurred, but when Phelan produced a warrant for the arrest of Leah Bernard and "Archie Hall," the clerk weakened and sent the two sleuths upstairs.

When Phelan knocked at the door of room No. 59, Leonard, alias Hall, got up to open the door. The gas was burning. Just as he turned the key the door was rudely pushed open and Phelan stood before him. With an oath and an epithet, Leonard struck Phelan a blow in the face. The two men clinched, and Phelan, breaking loose, raised his cane and brought it down upon Leonard's head. Leonard dropped to his knees and then rolled over on the floor as if dead. At this juncture the woman, who thought her lover had been killed, jumped from the bed with a cry, and, picking up a pitcher of ice-water, dashed it over the fallen man. Leonard revived in a jiffy, arose from the floor and made a rush for Phelan. Then the Jersey constable, who had been lurking in the hall, tumbled wildly into the room, and waving his slung-shot aloft, shouted:

"Come now, young feller, you can't lick the two of us. You'd better give up."

It was like a melodrama and no more real. The fight was a mock battle, but it was cleverly done. It had been well rehearsed. Leonard gave up, as the doughty constable commanded.

It is a very queer thing, but it is a fact, that Squire Geiger was sitting in his office, five blocks away, at 2 A. M., ready to hold court. Leonard and Mrs. Bernard were brought before him and court was held. The warrant charged both with a certain offence against the laws of New Jersey. Justice Geiger asked Leonard if he was a married man. He answered "No."

Addressing complainant, Phelan, he said:

"Do you know of your own knowledge that this prisoner, Hall, is unmarried?"

"Yes," replied the complainant.

"You are discharged," said the Justice.

Mrs. Bernard was asked if she was married, but she declined to answer. Phelan then testified that the prisoner was the wife of a rich New Yorker, and that she had so admitted to him many times in the past six months. He said that her husband was suing her for divorce. He also stated voluntarily that his reason for making the complaint was that he had a grudge against Hall, which he was settling.

The woman was committed to the county jail of Hudson in default of \$500 bail. The crime charged in the complaint can only be committed by married persons, and the maximum penalty, which is especially severe under the New Jersey laws, is one year in the penitentiary and \$500 fine.

That afternoon Mrs. Bernard secured the services of Lawyer Linn, of Jersey City, was arraigned before Justice Geiger and paroled in the custody of her lawyer. Half an hour afterward, Mr. Linn surrendered his client to the court, and she was again locked up. He stated that he understood that Mrs. Bernard was about to leave the State, and he wanted to be relieved of the responsibility. Justice Geiger reduced the bail to \$100, the lowest limit, but as no one would become her bondsman, she went back to the county jail. Leonard was nowhere to be seen during this trying time for his late friend. He had gone to his home at Bergen Point, N. J., and remained there.

Lawyer Joe Moss, of the firm of Howe & Hummel, received a hasty call to go to Jersey City the next afternoon.

All the information that the call contained was that Leah Bernard, one of the firm's clients, was in jail over there.

Mr. Moss hurried over. He was unable to find a Jersey real estate owner who would go on the bond, and as twice the amount was refused, Mrs. Bernard re-

mained in jail all night. Lawyer Moss said to a reporter:

"Mr. Bernard brought suit against Mrs. Bernard almost two years ago, but he has not been able to obtain a decree. He is paying his wife alimony pending the settlement of the suit. The whole fact of the matter is that Mrs. Bernard became acquainted with young Leonard through corresponding with him concerning a dog which she had lost. The acquaintance was agreeable, so it was continued, and she consented to go to the theatre in Jersey City with Mr. Leonard. After the performance Mrs. Bernard and her escort," said Mr. Moss, "went to Taylor's Hotel for some refreshments, which was no more than natural, and while there they were arrested. That is all there is in it."

Mr. Moss said Mrs. Bernard had been Howe & Hummel's client ever since her husband accused her of infidelity, and that she was prepared to fight to the very end. She had been an actress, having played light comedy parts in several plays produced by the Frohmanns, but had retired from the stage several years ago. It was while the actress was playing in this city that Bernard met her and became infatuated with her. He wooed and won her, lavishing thousands upon thousands of dollars upon her both before and after the wedding. He insisted that she should give up the stage, which she did to please him. Then he became jealous, and according to her story, imagined that she was in love with every man she looked at. Finally Mr. Bernard instructed his lawyers, Couder Brothers, to begin an action for divorce. Mrs. Bernard fought the suit at every turn, although Mr. Bernard offered two men as co-respondents. The case is now pending the action of the Court of Appeals.

Mrs. Bernard is forty years old, and is a blonde of

"I suppose Mrs. Bernard was grateful to me for saving her life," continued Leonard, "for we became good friends. I visited her often at her flat and took her out to the theatres and restaurants. She is a very clever and finely educated woman. She has traveled extensively, speaks five languages and has known eminent people abroad. She says she counted the Count de Paris among her friends. Phelan tracked us to the hotel. He says he was working on another case and saw us take the Desbrosses street ferry. He has had it in for me for some time, owing to a misunderstanding, and this is his revenge. The reason why I didn't stay in Jersey City was that I heard there was a warrant out for my arrest. I feel a little sore at Mrs. Bernard for the way she has acted. She sent a note to-day to me here, saying that if I didn't come and do something she would tell my father all. I wasn't home, and my brother Will opened it, and the family learned of the trouble. Then she sent a letter to my father, saying that she had so far refused to see reporters, but that if he didn't get her out of jail she would tell the newspapers everything."

Mrs. Bernard did steadily refuse to see reporters. She was still under the impression, poor thing, that the scene in the hotel was a reality and not a farce. She did not learn any better until late in the afternoon, when Lawyers Joe Moss and J. P. Burg came over and enlightened her.

Then she was angry. There wasn't anything to tell

the place. She invariably had the best of a limited number of rounds.

When Miss Brown came to Lawrence Beach she brought a wiry little mustang with her. She is a thorough horsewoman, and rode her pony in an original style. She threw aside a riding-habit as being too slow for her nature. Instead, she wore a close-fitting bathing costume, which showed off her pretty figure to advantage. Then, sitting astride the animal man fashion, she would dash about the beach. When tired of her ride she would turn the mustang into the surf and force him to swim far out. Then, tumbling off the pony, she would strike out for shore. She is a pretty and graceful swimmer.

PUGILISTIC YOUNG WOMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two girls fought four rounds in the swamp bordering Bushwick Creek, in Williamsburg, N. Y., a week ago, and were to have met there again recently, but the police were on hand and prevented. In this swamp many fights to the finish have taken place after midnight, when the police go off duty. In this instance they were on hand, because the word had gone forth too widely. The girls who fought are Lucy Von Riehl, eighteen years old, of No. 548 Lorimer street, and Mamie McGuire, nineteen years old, of Kent avenue and South Fifth street. They work in a fur dressing establishment in North First street.

Hostilities were begun several weeks ago, when Mamie called Lucy "a big Dutch blonde," and Lucy retorted by calling Mamie "an Irish mick." Other girls in the shop sympathized with one or the other of the enemies, and the factions formed became known as the "Dutch crowd" and the "Irish gang." Finally Mamie boasted that "she could knock out that Dutch blonde in four rounds," and the fight was arranged to be "pulled off," as one of the girls said, on the night of Friday, Aug. 13.

The girls appeared in the open space behind a factory at Berry and North Twelfth streets at 9 o'clock. About fifty men and girls formed a square and the girls took their corners. Hannah McGrath, of No. 118 Bedford avenue, who is considered a friend of both combatants, was made referee.

The girls made up in vigor what they lacked in science, and each "hit out" from the shoulder and landed many face blows. Mamie did all the leading in the first round and had everything her own way, but Lucy won point after point in the second, third and fourth rounds. Lucy was awarded the fight, and the girls were directed to shake hands. Mamie, who was smarting from defeat, was pushed forward and reluctantly put out her hand. Lucy stepped forward to take the extended hand, but suddenly changed her mind and tore a handful of hair from Mamie's head as she cried, "I'll teach you to call me a Dutch blonde!"

"I'll fight you to a finish now!" cried Mamie, as she doubled her hands.

The crowd interfered, and it was then decided that the girls should fight to a finish later at the same place, which is a famous fighting ground, and the one on which Jack Dempsey as a boy whipped all his neighbors' sons. More than one hundred persons gathered to see the "finish fight" at the time appointed, but the girls' friends would not let them appear, as the police were on hand. They are still anxious to fight, and say they will do so whenever the opportunity offers.

RAN AWAY WITH HER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Hallie Hines, of St. Louis, Mo., who was a guest at the Morehead House, at Bowling Green, Ky., eloped recently with Hugh B. Wright, one of the wealthiest young men in that town.

Miss Hines' mother had kept her daughter confined in her room all day to prevent an elopement, but on coming from supper Miss Hines broke away from her mother, jumped in a cab in waiting and the pair were off at break-neck speed, the young lady being bare-headed. The mother followed on the train to intercept them, but failed to catch them. Miss Hines is a daughter of W. H. Hines, a wealthy stock dealer of St. Louis.

LOTTIE GILSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Lottie Gilson is one of the best known vaudeville artists in this country. She has made a great reputation by her singing of popular songs, and especially of some that were decidedly *risqué*. Miss Gilson was one of the principal attractions at the Madison Square Garden during the summer months, and she is at present earning new laurels with the Russell Brothers' comedians. Miss Gilson's picture appears on our theatrical page.

WHIPPED BY WOMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dan Wiggins, a notorious wife beater, of Waldo, Fla., was dragged from his home by masked men recently. Wiggins was carried into the woods and lashed to a tree. Several women of the neighborhood, who sympathized with Mrs. Wiggins, were present, and as soon as Wiggins had been tied they began to whip him. After he was beaten unmercifully, Wiggins was untied and left to make his way home. It is thought he will die from the beating.

A CHAMPION TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The portraits of the members of the champion tug-of-war team of Canada appear on another page. It is composed of members of the construction department of the Bell Telephone Company, at Montreal, and they won the John A. Grose trophy and the championship of Canada in October, 1893. They are matched to pull again for the championship of Canada and a \$200 trophy on Sept. 20.

LILLY ASHLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Lilly Ashley claims to be the champion oarswoman of America. She hails from Hartford, Conn., and will shortly try conclusions for the championship of the world with Rose Mosenthal, of St. Louis, Mo. Miss Ashley's portrait is published in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

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HE MET HER ON THE STAGE.

the reporters for revenge upon her indifferent lover, Leonard, Sr., did go to Jersey City, but he did not secure Mrs. Bernard's release. That wasn't in the arrangement.

The prisoner will shortly be arraigned and Phelan promised Justice Geiger that he would then have Mr. Bernard on hand to testify against his wife. It is not believed, however, that he will appear, and that his wife will be discharged. It is believed that he does not care to have her sent to the penitentiary, and, having secured the evidence he was in search of, is willing that she should be released.

Phelan, it will be remembered, is the man who swore out the warrant charging Athlete Willie Day with embezzlement. Leonard, Sr., was the prosecuting lawyer in the case. It was alleged by Day's friends that Day was driven to suicide by the persecutions of the Leonards, who had, it was asserted, a fancied grievance against him. Leonard, Sr., was once interested with Frank Robbins in the circus business. Harry Leonard was a handy man with the show—advance agent, etc., and finally became a bareback rider. He has since travelled with various circus organizations as a performer and advance agent. He has also done some clever detective work.

A VERY ATHLETIC GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Annie Lester Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Brown, of Ouray, Colo., who has been stoppage during the summer months at Lawrence Beach, La. I., was married at Ouray a few days ago to Charles Richard Marvin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The young people became acquainted at Lawrence Beach, and the courtship was of short duration. Miss Brown's father owns several silver mines in Colorado.

While at the beach Miss Brown was much sought after by the young men. She was called the only sport at the place. She outdid all the men in the athletic contests, such as putting-the-shot and broad and high jumps. At the two latter sports she was especially good. She beat all the men by several feet. She was also a clever boxer, and used to put on the gloves with the men about



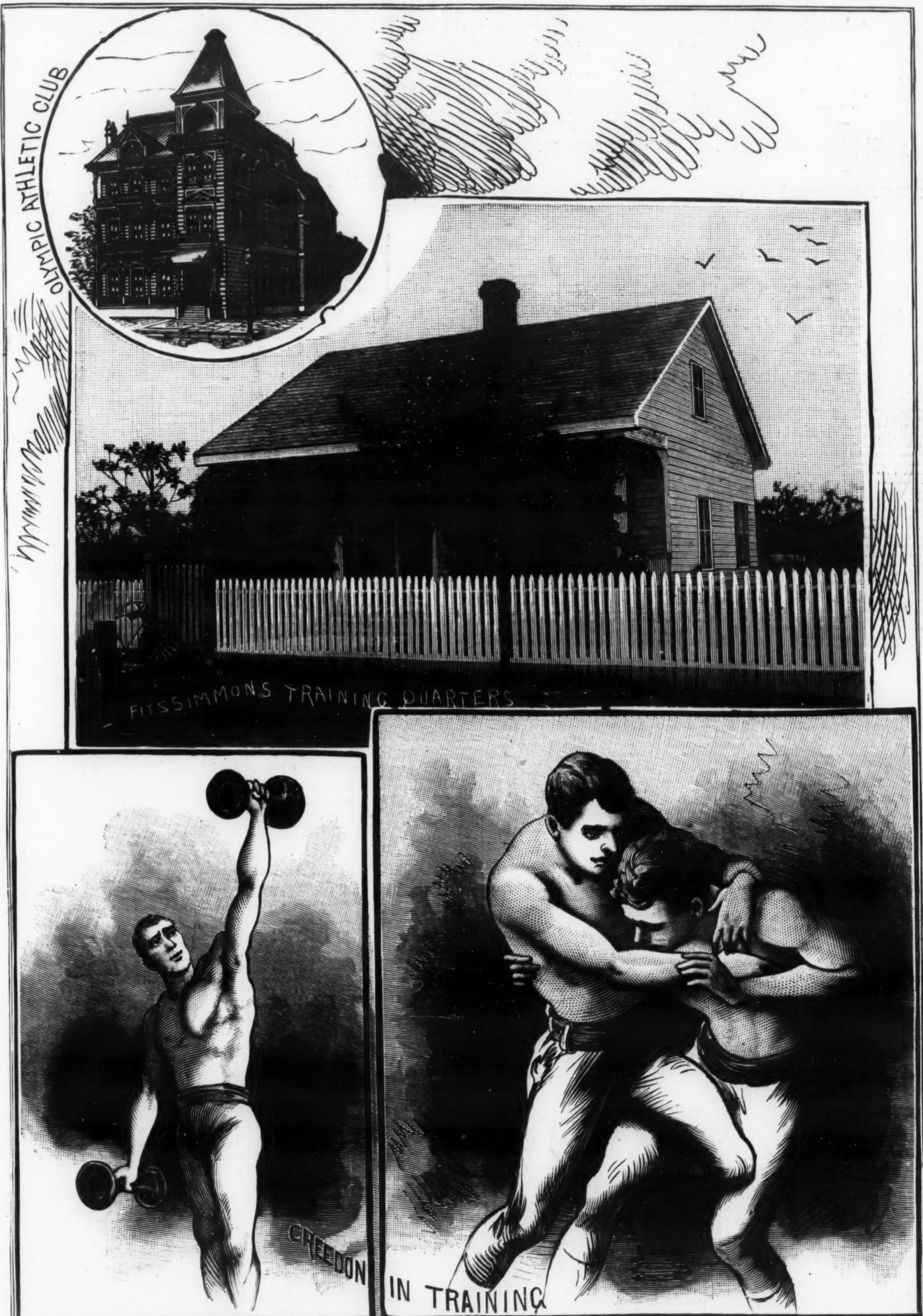
SURPRISED HIS WIFE.

WILLIAM McCLELLAN SHOOTS A FRIEND WHO CALLED AT HIS HOME, AT ELMWOOD PLACE, OHIO.



BROKE HER ANKLE.

AN Eloping Maiden meets with an accident, but is nevertheless married, at GALLIPOLIS, O.



FITZSIMMONS AND CREEDON.

BOTH MIDDLE-WEIGHTS IN ACTIVE TRAINING FOR THEIR FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD AT THE OLYMPIC CLUB, NEW ORLEANS, LA., ON SEPT. 26.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

No Prospect of a Fight Between Corbett and Jackson.

PECKHAM WHIPS ED. BURKE.

Jim Barry Defeats Casper Leon For the Bantamweight Championship.

NEWS AROUND THE SQUARED CIRCLE.

There will be no fight between Peter Jackson and James J. Corbett for the heavyweight championship of the world. Jackson, who arrived in New York city from Chicago on Sept. 13, is authority for this statement. The colored pugilist was seen shortly after his arrival and asked what course he intended to pursue relative to Corbett's proposition to fight him "in a room, on a barge, in a hulk or any place in America."

Jackson's eyes flashed angrily as he said: "I am through with Corbett. He can say whatever he pleases, and I will refuse to answer him. He is the champion of the world. I am plain Peter Jackson. Corbett has refused to be reasonable in making a match, and I have decided to let the matter drop. He has got all the advertising he is going to get."

"I do not propose to stay awake nights thinking of replies to fit Corbett's unfair assertions. I am glad of one thing, and that is that I exposed his fake fighting club in Sioux City. I leave to-morrow for the West Indies, and after a short stay there I will go to England. Corbett can now go his way and I will go mine. He has had many chances to make this match, but for reasons best known to himself he has refrained from doing so. He can now go ahead with his aerial tour. I will no longer annoy him, as I am convinced that he prefers the stage to the prize ring."

Regarding his conference with Edward Lloyd-Webster in Chicago, Jackson said that, taken altogether, it was not exactly the liking of the representative of the Sioux City Athletic Club, who wanted everything arranged to suit Corbett's interests. The Australian insisted that Webster had introduced himself to him (Jackson) as Lloyd. "I said to Lloyd," went on Jackson, "Ain't you Mr. Webster, the manager of the Peony Opera House, of Sioux City?" "No, sir, I'm not," he replied. "My name is Lloyd, and I have no theatrical interests whatever. I am a real estate speculator." Knowing that Lloyd and Webster were one, I immediately became suspicious. That my suspicions were well founded the developments of the past two days prove."

"Why did you leave this city for Chicago when you know that the representative of the Sioux City Club was coming here?"

"Because I had been informed that Mr. Lloyd, alias Webster, would visit that city first. He did so, and although he remained there an entire day, he did not call on me, but left for New York in response to a telegram from Brady."

E. L. Webster, who has been in New York and Chicago trying to secure the signatures of Corbett and Jackson to articles for a fight in Sioux City, returned to Sioux City on Sept. 13. In an interview he said:

"I am convinced that Jackson is afraid to meet Corbett, and simply wishes to advertise himself. I do not think the two men will ever get together, and am satisfied that it will not be Corbett's fault. Nevertheless I doubt if Jackson has nerve enough to meet Corbett even for the purpose of discussing articles. I do not think the club will try to get on a match between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. They would not prove the drawing cards that Jackson and Corbett would, and we are making no secret of the fact that the club is out for money, and not for benevolent or advertising purposes."

George Hiddons is in Detroit trying to arrange a match with one of the local boxers.

George McKenzie, the Australian lightweight, defeated Jim Robinson, of Philadelphia, in 7 rounds, at Chicago recently.

Tommy White, the Chicago featherweight, wants to meet Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, as soon as the latter recovers from his recent illness.

Peter Maher has announced that he will meet all comers at Pittsburgh, and Bill Gabig, the Pennsylvania trial horse, will probably be his first opponent.

Jack Burks, who wanted to fight Dan Tynan to a finish, has met with an accident which resulted in a sprained ankle, and the bout has been postponed.

Jim Dwyer, of Elizabeth, who was one of Dempsey's seconds, writes that Dempsey severely injured his left arm when fought McCarthy or he would have won.

Hugh Behan, the manager of Young Griffy, says if the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, will hang up a purse of \$5,000 Griffy will agree to fight Andy Bowen to a finish.

Frank Burke, of Philadelphia, is to box six rounds with Hughey Boyle at Philadelphia on Sept. 27. Burke weighs 123 pounds and he will have to come down to 108 pounds.

Jack Daly, of Wilmington, writes that he will fight Stanton Abbott at 128 or 130 pounds, or Jack Everhart at 133 pounds, weigh in at the ring side, before any club that will give a purse in New Orleans.

Hughey Boyle, of Elizabeth, N. J., is going to be made athletic and boxing instructor of the Governors Island Military Athletic Club. There are 170 members of the club and fifty of them are willing to boxers.

There is some talk of a match between Griffy and George McKenzie, the Australian lightweight. They are both of the same mind as regards training for a fight, and they seldom get in the ring in any kind of condition.

Benny Peterson states his willingness to accommodate Jerry Barnett, the New York featherweight, in his desire to fight a Philadelphia. Benny will take Jerry on for a limited-round or finish contest if any club will put up a purse.

John Boyle, who it was thought, would make a match with Martin Denny, the Australian lightweight, while the latter was in England, could not reach the latter's weight. Boyle has gone to Glasgow, where he expects to get on a match with Tom Williams.

Prof. John Donaldson says Peter Jackson and Parson Davies both know that Corbett, half well and fit, could win from Jackson in a dismally short time, and they will not let the Sioux City or any other club get Jackson's name to any kind of a paper.

Peter Jackson, the colored boxer, sailed on Sept. 15 for St. Thomas. He could not say how long he would stop in the West Indies, nor when he contemplated starting for England. He positively declined to say a word concerning Corbett's latest announcement.

John Murphy, the Boston featherweight, who will meet Billy Flimber in a finish fight before the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, on Sept. 24, commenced training last week in Baltimore. Murphy is being prepared for the contest by James Conroy and Jake Kirkin.

The New York "Sun" says: "Young Griffy and John L. Sullivan are great chums. It is very seldom that the ex-champions takes to a foreigner, owing to his natural dislike for them. Sullivan thinks the world of the Australian, and says he is the greatest little man he ever met. Griffy, it is said, will probably travel with Sullivan on the road."

It is reported that Billy Madden has sent to Australia for Mickey Dooly. Joe Goddard recently refused to fight Dooly for a \$500 purse. Dooly's last fight in Australia was with Big Ryan, for \$300, and he won after a desperate battle which lasted 1 hour and 19 minutes.

Fred Woods, who styles himself the middleweight champion of Pennsylvania, has an idea that he can whip either Jack Dempsey, Frank Craig, the Harleum Coffee Cooler, or Mike Dunn, of Australia, or any other 150 to 154-pound man. Woods writes that he will bet \$500 on his chances.

Joe Butler, the colored middleweight champion of America, writes that he will fight Australian Billy McCarthy either a limited number of rounds or to a finish for a purse, in any club. He says: "If McCarthy don't care to take on the match with me, I will fight any one in America at 160 pounds."

Billy Ernst, of Brooklyn, and Jimmy Holmes, of New York, were matched last week to meet 8 rounds, before the new Atlantic Athletic Club, of Coney Island, at their October entertainment, for a purse of \$500. The men are to weigh in at 6 o'clock in the evening of the day of the fight, at 133 pounds, or forfeit \$100.

Bill Lewis, a pugilist from Cork, Ireland, arrived in New York last week. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to box any 140-pound man in America for a reasonable stake and purse. Lewis is 19 years of age, stands 5 feet 8½ inches and weighs 150 pounds. He claims he has fought several battles in Ireland and in Cork, where he was born.

Advices from New Orleans state that Bob Fitzsimmons is already down to weight, and that he expects to have an easy thing of it with Dan Creedon. If he doesn't, New Orleans will go broke, for its sporting men, while they dislike Red personally, have great faith in his pugilistic ability. By the way, Fitz expects to have Jack Dempsey in his corner when he fights Creedon.

A new boxing club has been organized at Cleveland. It will be known as the Cleveland Athletic Club. The officers are J. Sylvester Clevel and John T. Huntington as manager. Prof. John Donaldson, late sparing partner of Corbett, was appointed boxing instructor at a salary of \$250 per month. The coming winter will witness a renewal of boxing events at this club house.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Billy Madden's place has become the sporting headquarters of the city and especially of that section which takes an interest in the ring. Nearly any time one or more fairly well-known local boxers can be seen there. Madden has a regular gold mine in the place, and judging from an hour's observation, the receipts will average better than any similar place in town.

Boxing will probably be allowed in San Francisco again shortly. A well-known sporting man there writes that the reform party, which won last year and put a stop to the sport, will be defeated at the coming election. Australian Billy Smith, who is now in that city, will not be able to box for a long time, as his hands are all broken. That is principally the reason he refused to meet Joe Mealin in a 10-round bout.

Prof. James J. Glynn, of the Philadelphia Athletic Club, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that Bill Spudger never defeated him, and that instead of Pete Courtney, of Trenton, defeating him he knocked out Courtney. Glynn says he is ready to fight any of the heavyweights outside the champions at catch weights according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 or \$1,000 and the largest purse, man and money ready at Arthur Chambers', Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

Billy Murphy called at the "Police Gazette" office and left the following challenge: "I will meet any man living at 115 to 133 pounds, weigh in at the ringside, bar Jack McAuliffe. I particularly want to meet Griffy, and will give any number of rounds against him that he wishes, at any weight. He lay down in every round when he fought me in Melbourne, and cannot stand a stiff punching." Speaking of Jerry Marshall, Murphy says he whipped him in 11 seconds, and does not regard him as anything of a wonder.

The glove fight between George Reynolds, the well-known lightweight, and Billy Ahearn, who were recently matched to fight for \$1,000 at 133 pounds, was to have been fought in Westchester County, New York, on Sept. 14. The men weighed in at 6 P. M. in the presence of the referee, and both were at weight. Some one gave the trying piece away, and instead of only fifty a side there was nearly three hundred present when the principals arrived. The sheriff appeared and stated he would arrest the parties and the referee postponed the fight agreeing to name another battle ground.

There is talk in New Orleans of matching Dempsey against Mysterious Billy Smith. If such a match is made Jack will need all of his hitting power, for Smith is as strong as a little bull, and he will force Jack about at a lively rate. If Smith is not available, there is talk of matching Tommy Ryan against the ex-Norwegian, and that would be worse still. Meanwhile Dempsey has posted a forfeit for a meeting with Jack Kelly, who, it is thought, would be a mark for him. If none of these matches are made, Jack intends going back to his home in Portland, Ore.

Jimmy Gorman, of Paterson, the ex-100-pound champion, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with his backer and issued the following:

New York, Sept. 15, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Pat Daly, of Cork, Ireland, has issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 9 stone 7 pounds for £200 a side and the largest purse. The contest to take place in the club offering the largest purse.

Frank P. Slavin will fight Peter Jackson when latter arrives in England for state and purse.

LONDON, Sept. 11.

RICHARD K. FOX—Ted Pritchard, if he defeats Dick Burge, has agreed to go to America in November and fight any middleweight for the largest purse at 11 stone.

Willie Smith will fight Billy Flimber, £200 a side, at 7 stone 12 pounds, for largest purse, England or America.

LONDON, Sept. 15.

The prize fight between Ted Pritchard and Dick Burge is to take place November 25. The fight is to be for £400, Pritchard to be confined to 11 stone 6 pounds, Burge to be catch weight. The fight will take place in National Sporting Club providing purse suits both boxes.

London, Sept. 15.

On Sept. 15, at Travers Island, New York, Charles Kilpatrick, of the New York Athletic Club, came within 1 2/5 seconds of the world's record at half a mile. He was not compelled to run his fastest, for he beat the second man in easy style by at least ten yards.

At Travers Island, N. Y., on September 15, Stephen Chase, of the New York Athletic Club, cut the figures for the 120-yard hurdle race from 15¾ seconds to 15 3/5 seconds. The new world's record might have been set one or two notches lower if Chase had been driven hard.

London, Sept. 15.

At Terre Haute, Ind., on Sept. 14, that marvelous sidesweller, Robert J., lowered his own and the world's pacing record, covering a mile in 2:01 1/4. The time made is a second faster than his previous record. Horse and driver received an ovation when they finished. The time by quarters were 0:30 1/4, 1:00 1/4, 1:30 1/4, 2:01 1/4.

At Springfield, Mass., G. J. Titus broke the five-mile flying start pace world's bicycle record at Hampden Park. His time was 10:51 8/15; best previous time, 11:06 1/15, made by McIntyre, at Springfield, September 11, 1893. W. F. Sims broke class A mile flying start, paced. Time—2:16; record previously held by Callahan, is 2:16 4/5.

London, Sept. 15.

At Kansas City, Mo., on Sept. 15, J. A. R. Elliott, the holder of the Western Field championship cup, defeated Dr. W. F. Carver in the first of a series of three matches at one hundred live birds. Elliott was in fine form and grased 99 out of his 100 birds, missing the sixtieth bird, a hard right quartering drive. Carver got only 91.

London, Sept. 15.

The six nights' billiard contest at Maurice Daly's New York billiard hall between Messrs. Sexton and McLaughlin, ended in victory for the latter by a score of 1,500 to 1,243. The last night Sexton made 263 points, or 12 points more than his opponent. Sexton showed he is still strong at cushion carroms, and would play the balk-line better if he applied himself to it.

London, Sept. 15.

Lord Hawk and his team of amateur cricketers, who intend to gain glory and fame here if the cricketers of this country are willing, arrived in New York Sept. 14. The party consists, in addition to Lord Hawk, of the following gentlemen: C. W. Wright, G. W. Hillyard, Kenneth McAlpine, J. S. Robinson, W. F. Whitwell, L. C. V. Bathurst, G. R. Bardwell, G. J. Mordaunt, A. J. L. Hill, C. E. De Trafford and R. S. Lucas.

London, Sept. 15.

In the athletic games at Travers Island, New York, on September 15, Charles H. Bean, a flat-footed runner from Boston, played a practical joke in the five-mile run. He plodded along in front of E. C. Carter, his heels making dents in the cinder path at every jump. Again and again he gripped his left side, as if he was suffering from cramps. On entering the last lap Bean, who was not in the least fatigued, sprinted away from his field and won hands down.

London, Sept. 15.

A dog fight was arranged September 14 between Jack Napoleon, owned by Charley Wagner, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bull, the champion fighting dog of Texas, owned by James Nelson, of Houston, Texas. The dogs are to fight at 38 pounds, give or take a pound, for \$1,000 and the championship of America, according to "Police Gazette" rules. The fight is to be decided near Houston on October 24. Jack Napoleon has won seven battles and was never defeated. Bull is an imported English dog and has won four battles in Texas.

London, Sept. 15.

Thomas J. Lee distinguished himself Sept. 15 by proving himself the best sprinter in America. He won the one hundred yard and the two hundred and twenty yard events at the annual championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union at Travers Island, New York, on Sept. 15. The world's records were broken. Dr. A. T. Kenney, of Australia, a recent graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, placed the world's record for swimming one hundred yards at 1 minute 9 3/5 seconds, which is 2 2/5 seconds faster than the previous world's record, held by J. Nuttall, of England.

London, Sept. 15.

At the Brooklyn Jockey Club race track, Gravesend, L. I., on Sept. 11, Domini again proved that he is the speediest horse on the American turf by simply playing with M. F. Dwyer's great sprinter, Stonewall, in the Culver Stakes, and winning as he pleased in the remarkably fast time for six furlongs of 1:13 1/2. The first four furlongs were covered off in twelve seconds each. Some good judges like Philip Dwyer thought Domini was all out at the finish, while others were of the opinion that he could have knocked off the fraction and run in 1:13. One thing is absolutely sure; if he can carry the amazing speed he displayed in the race, no horse on the turf can live him down.

London, Sept. 15.

Eddie Bald, the Buffalo boy, won the great international mile open race in 2:05 4/5, at Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 13, a new world's record by nearly six seconds, the former record being 2:08 1/5. This was a beautiful race throughout. Githens and Lumden paced on a tandem, and the men followed single file in order: Bald, Bliss, Cabanne, Johnson, Sanger, Taxis, MacDonald and Brown. At the three-quarters Sanger jumped and led into the stretch five lengths. Bald came like the demon is when in shape. A hundred yards from home he tied Sanger. Fifty yards from home he was length ahead, and over the tape maintained his lead. Bliss held to third tenaciously and Cabanne shot over Johnson's head. There never was a more royal reception than that accorded to Bald.

London, Sept. 15.

The 100-yard swimming match at Travers Island, New York on Sept. 15, for the amateur championship, was an exciting contest. Summary—First heat—Won by Dr. A. T. Kenney, N. S. A., Philadelphia; P. F. Dickey, N. Y. A. C., second; T. Carey, Pastime A. C., third. Time, 1 minute 13 3/5 seconds. Second heat—Won by Michael T. Shea, Caledonian Club, Philadelphia; George A. Thorne,

THE LATEST SPORTING NEWS

No. 893 of the Police Gazette

Will be Published Immediately after the New Orleans Fistic Carnival,

Plummer and Murphy, Sept. 24.

Abbott and Everhardt, Sept. 25.

Fitzsimmons and Creedon, Sept. 26.

RACING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Very Successful at St. Louis, Mo.,
and at Maspeth, L. I.

ALIX, QUEEN OF THE TURF.

Bicyclist Sanger Breaks the World's
Record For the 1-Mile Unpaced Race.

BRIEF SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

In the free-for-all pacing race at Fleetwood Park Guy never won a heat, Mascot winning in three straights in 2:09, 2:07½ and 2:07¾.

On August 29 Thomas Brown, an inventor of a water cycle, crossed the Bristol Channel in three hours and a half from Newport to Weston-super-Mare.

Henry Brockhurst, of Donaldsville, a clever and popular little ball player, is now coming to the front. Henry is an all-around player and a hard hitter.

The annual all around championship competitions of the National Athletic Club, which were to have been decided at Ridgewood on Saturday have been postponed until September 22.

It is proposed that at its next meeting the Intercollegiate Athletic Association send a challenge to Oxford-Cambridge for an annual meeting between the winners of the Berkley Oval meet and the American college championship.

James A. Donoghue, who has challenged the world in working boats, defeated Fred Hawkins at Orange Lake, Newburg, N. Y., on Sept. 10, in a two-mile match contest. In the open-to-all race for working boats Joe Donoghue won.

A bowling match for the championship of Philadelphia and a purse of \$100 a side was decided recently, between H. M. Walker and Joseph Schmitt. The conditions were 200 balls each, full frame. Walker won, with 1463 points, against Schmitt's 1406.

On Sept. 12 the Staten Island Athletic Club cricket team were opposed to the Boston Zingari team at West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., where another disastrous defeat awaited the New Englanders, and for this occasion the margin was increased to 121 runs.

At Terre Haute, Ind., on Sept. 12, Carbonate, owned by the Dubois Bros. of Denver, started to beat the world's two-year-old pacing record of 2:10½, held by Directly, the black son of Direct, and succeeded in doing it, pacing the mile in 2:10. The colt was driven by Jack Curry.

The trot for the 2:11 class was one of the most interesting of the Fleetwood Park meeting. Phebe Wilkes, who was booked for a sure win, was beaten after winning the second and fourth heats by Alar, who won first, third and fifth. Time, 2:11½, 2:13, 2:11, 2:11½ and 2:13¼.

A novel affair was the race for the 2:40 class at Fleetwood, N. Y., on Sept. 10. Whalebone won the first, third and fourth money by distancing five horses in the first heat, only leaving Melone to compete. Whalebone won the race in three straight heats, in 2:28, 2:31½ and 2:29.

On Sept. 12, at Doncaster, England, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, over the St. Leger course, about 1 mile 6 furlongs and 132 yards, was won by Sir F. Johnstone's Throstle. Ladoss, owned by Lord Rosebery, was second, and Matchbox, the property of Sir F. Johnstone, third. Time, 3:12 1/5.

At New York, on Sept. 12, Edward McLaughlin defeated Wm. Sexton and ran out a billiard game of 250 points in fourteen innings, missing but once. He averaged 17.12.14. He made high runs of 41 and 50. Sexton scored 143, averaging just 11. He made one run of 35. McLaughlin is now 147 points ahead, the total scores being 750 to 603.

Thomas Corrigan, a famous jockey in Australia, was killed at the Caulfield steeplechase, while riding his well known jumper, Walter. His funeral extended two miles and a half in passing through the streets of Melbourne. Ordinary traffic was suspended. Royalty and the most prominent men in Australia contributed wreaths, while cable messages of regret were received from all over the world.

It is reported that the Guttenburg track is to be reorganized under the direction of Dennis McLaughlin as an association called the Gentlemen's Driving Association. It is said that McLaughlin has secured the influence of several Republican politicians and that the object is to run winter races there, though at the outset there will be bicycle and horse contests and trotting matches so as to disarm suspicion.

Alix is indeed queen of the trotting turf. Guided by McDowell she started at Terre Haute, Ind., on Sept. 12, for a purse of \$5,000, to beat the mark of 2:04 made on the Terre Haute track by Nancy Hanks in September, 1892. Both Salisbury and McDowell thought the little mare was in fine condition for the supreme struggle, and her mile in 2:04, while it did not beat the world's trotting record, tied it and reduced her own mark from 2:04½.

Gus Zimmerman, the famous sharpshooter and champion of the New York Independent Schuetzen Corp., who went to Europe in May last to take part in the international shoot at the Schuetzen at Mainz, Germany, arrived home on the Hamburg-American Line steamship Columbia. Zimmerman, who has been crowned the Schuetzen King, because of his many victories in this country and Europe, brought in all about 75 prizes back with him.

Directum has arrived at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., with the other Myers of Orrin Hickok's stable, and has already begun work. He is to meet Arion and Kremlia, both with records better than 2:10, at Mystic Park on the 26th inst.; others may come into the race, attracted by the big purse of \$15,000, but the two named are certain to start, and Hickok says that he sees no reason why Directum should not be in form the day of the race.

Prof. Attila called at the "Police Gazette" office with Romulus on Sept. 10, and accepted the challenge of Johnson, the Swedish Hercules, to lift weights, etc., for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, the contest to take place before the club offering the largest purse, within two months from signing articles. The contest is to consist of feats of strength, and no humbug. The judges to be three experts and members of a recognized athletic club, and the judges to select the referee.

On Sept. 10 in New York, Edward McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, was the victor in the opening game of the six nights' billiard match between the champion of Pennsylvania and Wm. Sexton. The match is of 1,500 points in blocks of 250, fourteen-inch ball line game. A purse of \$250 and a division of the gate receipts will go to the winner. McLaughlin scored 235 points to Sexton's 117 points. The highest run made by Sexton was 22 points. McLaughlin made runs of 53, 42 and 23 points in some brilliant playing.

At Livingston, N. Y., on Sept. 10, the cricket match between the New York and Boston cricket clubs was won by the New York club by a margin of 89 runs. The visitors did very well at the bat, and J. Howard particularly distinguished himself by playing a fine innings of 46, but in the field they made a very poor showing. For the Islanders, E. H. Moran scored 45, F. G. Payne 38, W. A. Hamilton 24, T. Kelly 26, J. Twing 23, and J. Guernsey 21. J. H. Lambkin bowled remarkably well, and secured 7 wickets for 39 runs. The totals—Boston Zingari, 134; Staten Island C. C., 223.

New York sports have been treated to some rare sights on race tracks within the past few years, but the Newtown Jockey Club has opened a new field at Maspeth, L. I., and the crowd took to the track like a duck would to water. The club had advertised ten races each day, five in the afternoon, and the other five in the evening under the glare of thousands of electric lights. Wires are strung around the track about thirty feet in the air, and lights are suspended from the wires about ten feet apart. There are also three search lights at different points, which are thrown on the backs of the horses as they pass, making it possible to distinguish the colors of the jockeys quite distinctly.

Prof. C. P. Blatt called at the "Police Gazette" office, posted \$500 and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Charles A. Sampson, the strong man, claims my recent challenge to lift his Ferris wheel, all his weights and himself on the wheel was only a bluff. Now, to show Sampson and the sporting public that I am in earnest my banker has posted \$500 with the POLICE GAZETTE for Sampson to cover. When my money is covered I will meet him any day he names at the POLICE GAZETTE office and sign articles for the contest for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side.

CHARLES P. BLATT.

In the great bicycle tournament at Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 12, Raymond MacDonald won the 1-mile handicap and 2-mile 5:00 class races; Dr. Brown, of Cleveland, the 1-mile handicap, and Bliss the 2:10 class. Sanger took the 1-mile unpaced race in 2:07 1/3, a fifth of a second better than the world's record, held by Tyler, his running mate. In the 1-mile handicap Dr. Brown gained five lengths after Bliss had made the jump, and, as he usually does, kept in front to the tape. In the 1-mile handicap, Class A, which was won by Watergreen, came within two-fifths of a second of beating the world's record for any class. Sims, of Washington, went from scratch in 2:10 2/5, the world's record being 2:10 1/5. Davison, the Canadian, was buried in the bunch.

A four-oared barge race to decide the superiority between the Chamounix Boat Club, of the Falls of the Schuylkill, and the Manayunk Boat Club, took place recently over the National course on the Schuylkill river. Manayunk's crew was: J. W. Duffy, bow; F. W. Firle, No. 2; G. F. Cassidy, No. 3; F. J. Milton, stroke, and F. W. Maxwell, coxswain. Chamounix crew was made up this way: Lyman Hess, bow; James Duffy, No. 2; George Smith, No. 3; Jose Kimp, stroke, and John F. Reardon, coxswain. At the start the Chamounix crew took the lead, keeping the position to the quarter, where Manayunk pulled up on even terms. At the half-mile post a foul occurred, and Referee Preisendan, of the Fairmount Club, presented the crews to stop and come back. The Chamounix men refused to obey, so the Manayunk crew pulled over the remainder of the course and was awarded the decision.

The great rifle shooting contest at Sea Girt, N. J., for the Wimbledon cup, at 1,000 yards, was an exciting contest. There were twelve entries, and Sergt. Peter Finnegan, of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, won the cup, by a score of 116 out of a possible 150. S. I. Scott, of Washington, D. C., who carried off the prize last year, was second, with a score of 108. Summary: Wimbledon cup match; distance, 1,000 yards; 30 shots; prize, the Wimbledon cup, presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the National Rifle Association of America, to be competed for annually;

Sergt. Peter Finnegan, Sixty-ninth Regt., N. Y. N. G.—4 2 5 3 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 3 4 4 2 5 3 5 3 0 2 4 2.—Total, 116. S. I. Scott, District of Columbia National Guard—4 5 5 5 4 5 5 3 4 4 5 5 3 0 5 3 5 r 5 0 5 5 5. Total, 106. Major H. Harries, District of Columbia National Guard—4 2 5 0 4 5 5 3 0 4 5 4 5 2 2 5 4 4 4 2 3 0 3 0 3—Total, 91. J. C. Postell, 74; Gen. W. C. Choate, 68; M. Appleby, 58; E. A. Leopold, 53; Col. Cecil Clay, 51; F. C. Wilson, 50; G. C. Shaw, 40; Col. A. H. Kuser, 39.

A. H. Spink, the popular editor and proprietor of the *Sporting News*, St. Louis, has made a grand success of the South Side race track, St. Louis, in which racing is done by electric light. The track is three furlongs and circular and is lighted at night by mammoth arc lights, with here and there around it bunches of incandescent globes. Two judges' stand, grand stand and betting ring are also brilliantly illuminated, so that the night is virtually turned into day. An estimate places the candle power developed at about 100,000. To make every part of the track visible from the grand stand, the lights are arranged in groups of four, 32 candle power Columbia incandescent lamps, each twenty-five feet apart on wires, following very closely the center of the track, while at the proper intervals are placed four 4,000 candle power search light reflectors, which are directed on the turns at the quarter, half and three-quarter poles. The use of incandescent instead of arc lights for the most of the track is due to the fact that the arc lights are not so reliable, and would throw inconvenient shadows. A special wire is run from the electric light company. Not a single time in three years has the lights gone out during the racing.

The renowned California turfman, Monroe Salisbury, was expelled from the trotting turf by John D. Barry, Henry Hughes and Thomas K. Egbert, judges of the postponed 2:16 race in the Grand Circuit Trotting Meeting at Fleetwood, N. Y., on September 12. The offense for which this severe measure was meted out as punishment was Mr. Salisbury's alleged removal of the trotting mare Expressive from the Fleetwood track without the permission of the judges. Expressive started in the 2:16 class race which was begun on Sept. 7, two heats being trotted before darkness came on to cause postponement. The famous young mare was heavily backed as a favorite, and her chance to win was regarded as extremely good, although Strontia won the first heat and Judge Austin beat her the second. When she was taken away from the track the next day her backers were left in the lurch, as the bets stood just the same as if the mare was on hand to trot it out. Thousands of dollars were lost without giving the bettors a show for their money. It was too wet to call the race up on Sept. 8 and an effort was made to bring about a compromise among the horsemen concerned, by which the money could be divided and the race declared off. Everybody agreed to this except the owner of Judge Austin, who felt confident of winning the race. The race was carried over Sunday, Sept. 9. The owner of Expressive had an engagement for his mare in Terre Haute, Ind., and he wanted to get away from New York at once. He therefore shipped Expressive along with his other horses, and she did not respond to the harnessing bell when the unfinished race was called up on Sept. 10. The judges declared her ruled out for non-appearance, and after the conclusion of the contest, which Judge Austin won, they took the spectators' breath away by announcing that Monroe Salisbury stood expelled from all National Association tracks. Salisbury controls the prospective queen of the turf, Alix, 2:05½. He also owns Azote, 2:09½; Directly, 2:10½, and many other famous trotters and pacers.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office: NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 13, 1894.

Owing to Stanton Abbott's claim that he did not receive fair play in his last contest with Jack Everhardt, who defeated him, the Olympic club has decided to give them another purse, and they have signed to fight upon the same conditions as their last contest. The fight will take place on Sept. 25. All contests under the auspices of the Olympic Club in future will be governed by "Police Gazette" rules. W. A. SCHOLL.

Horace Leeds is hot upon the chase of Griffio and McAliffe. Leeds insists on 133 pounds in his challenge, and stipulates that the lightweight championship title shall be involved in the outcome of the contest. This stipulation will force McAliffe to declare himself eligible to fight again in the lightweight division or not. It's New York to a crab apple that he cannot fight at 133 pounds, and if he does not accept Leeds' del his further claim to the lightweight championship is an untenable one. Griffio looms up as a most desirable candidate for Leeds' consideration. It is said that he is very anxious to fight the Jerseyman, and the \$5,000 stake will just suit him. He called on Leeds at Atlantic City the other day "just to look him over," but the latter was not at home at the time, and he missed an opportunity to show the Australian how hospitable he can be. Leeds says that if McAliffe or Griffio do not accept his del, it is open to any white man in the country. This condition shuts out Joe Walcott and opens the way to Gorman.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office: NEW YORK, Sept. 13, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—The new Peoria Athletic Club of this place will give a purse for Ed Gorman, who claims the lightweight championship of America, to fight ten or twenty rounds with Jack McAliffe, Horace M. Leeds or Young Griffio. If a match can be arranged between any of the three named and Gorman, articles will be forwarded to the "Police Gazette" for Leeds, McAliffe or Griffio to sign.

CHARLES M. MANOR, Manager.

Everhardt firmly thinks that he will fool Fitzsimmons and his friends when they meet in the ring. In a recent interview he said: "I have two favorite blows, or, rather, to be exact, one favorite blow. Every fight I have won I attribute to the use of the right-hand blow for the heart. No man can stand over two of them. It is easy to deliver and hard to get away from. I invented that blow, as you can see by these Australian papers referring to fights which have taken place since I left home, in which they speak of delivering 'Dan Creeden's right-hand blow over the heart.' As a knock-out blow I consider it better than that for the point of the jaw. There are more opportunities to deliver it, and you have no point unguarded. Besides, look at the great space you have in which to deliver it. I usually make the blow this way: When my opponent leads with his left I guard my face with my left and, stepping in, throw my right straight from the shoulder for a point just below the heart, which my opponent has been obliged to leave unguarded in order to protect his face with his right. A blow can be delivered in this manner with terrific force, for it has the full weight of the body with it. I dropped Martin Costello with one of these blows, knocking him out completely. From what I hear Sullivan used a similar blow with terrific effect in his battle with Kilrain. My other favorite blow is the left-hand punch for the stomach. Whenever an opportunity offers and the slightest spot of my opponent's stomach is left unguarded, I swing my left very quickly for it, and if I get home my man will have bellows to mend. Of course, I use, as the opportunity offers, all of the blows which the science of boxing has developed, but I consciously think that these two are my best. They have stood me in good stead in many a hot battle, and I therefore favor them."

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York City.

H. W. J., New York.—The world's record for team shooting at 200 yards, seven shots each, with twelve men, was broken in the Hilton trophy contest on Sept. 4, at Sea Girt, N. J. The record was 264. The New Jersey team made a total of 361. Pennsylvania fell one behind the old record, while New York scored 338.

S. W., Easton, Pa.—The following men have been elected officers of the Atlantic Athletic Club, which was recently organized at Brooklyn: Justice Ed C. Murphy, president; W. Lakeland, George W. Vandervoer and John W. Stoddard, vice-presidents; Albert Chambers, treasurer; Luke O'Reilly, secretary.

W. P., Johnstown, Pa.—At the Crescent City Athletic Club, New Orleans, May 18, 1894, Billy McCarthy defeated La Blanche for a purse of \$1,000 in ten rounds, lasting 1 hour 2 minutes. George La Blanche defeated Jack Dempsey on Aug. 27, 1894, for a purse of \$1,000, in San Francisco, in 22 rounds, lasting 2 hours 7 minutes.

S. J., Cincinnati, O.—A bantam boxer is one who cannot fight at the featherweight limit but at different weights under. There are no recognized classes in boxing except feather, light, middle and heavyweight. The term welterweight is also used in the same way as bantamweight, but there is no regular class or weight standard like in the regular classes.

A. W., New York.—The Ward crew in 1867 comprised Joshua, Gilbert, Charley and Henry Ward. They did not win the Paris oars at Springfield. On Sept. 11, 1867, they rowed a 6-mile race, three miles and a turn, in 4-oared shell, against the Morris crew, of St. John, N. B., for \$2,000 and the 4-oared championship of the world, and won in 41 minutes 16 seconds. Later they rowed the Paris crew, of St. John, N. B., on the Connecticut river, Springfield, Mass., for \$3,000 and the 4-oared championship of the world. The Paris crew won, rowing the 6 miles and turn in 39 minutes 38½ seconds, making the fastest time on record.

W. P., Boston.—Panlico was foaled in 1885 at Fair Haven, Vt., and was sold to Major W. J. Batchelor, of Raleigh, N. C., when he was two years old. The colt was placed in the hands of James H. Goldsmith, and proved a great campion. At five years he won a number of hard-fought races, and earned a record of 2:16½. He retired to the stud for two years, and came out again last season with the young Kentucky trainer, Richard Curtis, in charge; after defeating most of the cracks in his class he ended with a record of 2:10½ at Nashville. This year Panlico started early and was prominent in the grand circuits till he left it and went to Terre Haute. Here he defeated Azot, and reduced his record to 2:10.

DRAW, Westfield, N. Y.—In any contest, whether prize fighting, foot racing, etc., the result of the contest hinges



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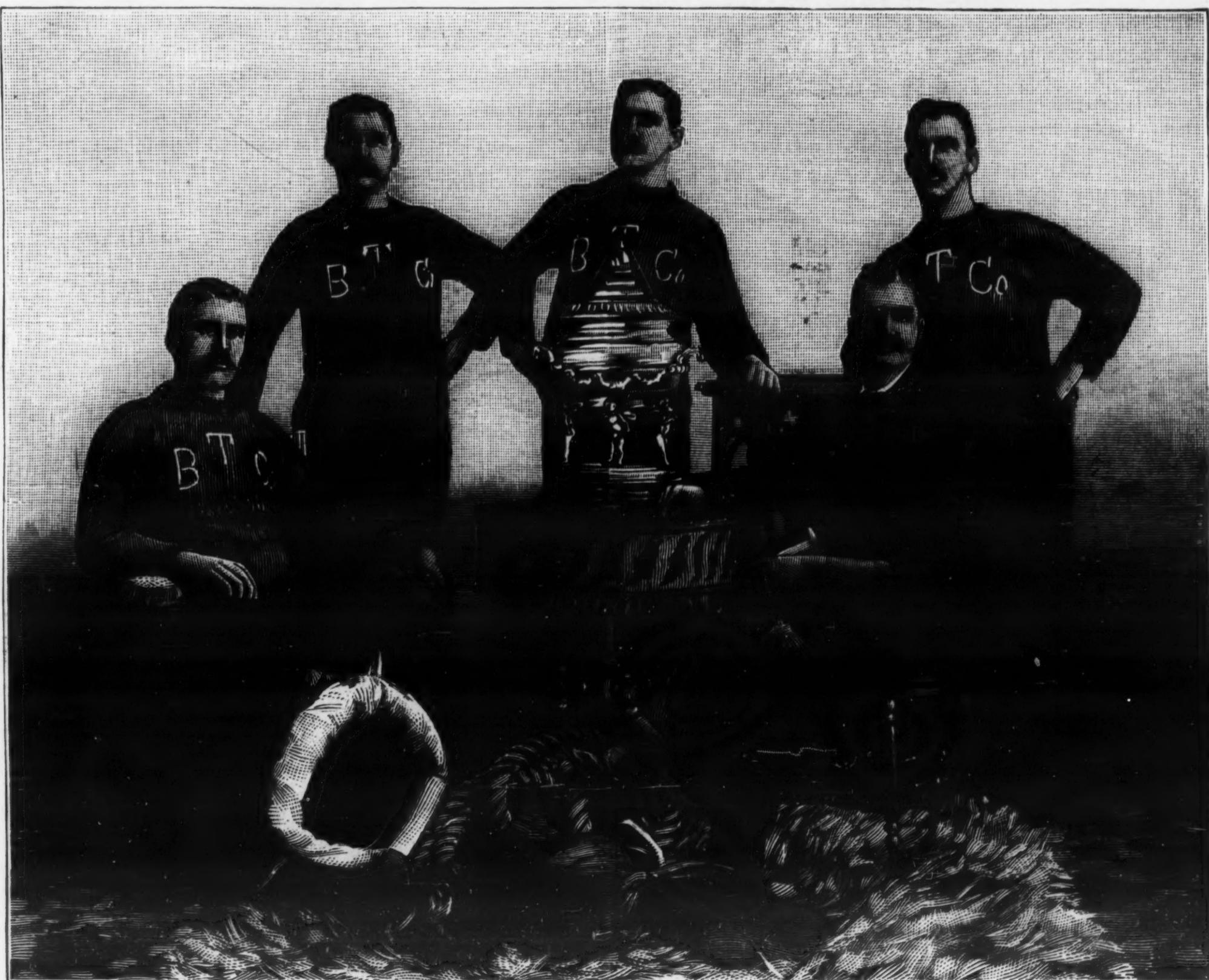
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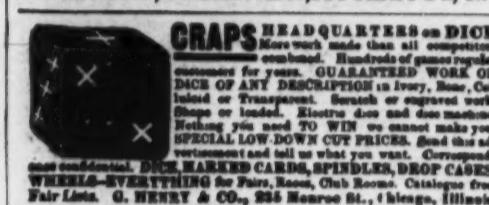
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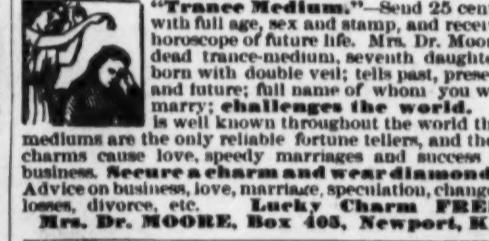
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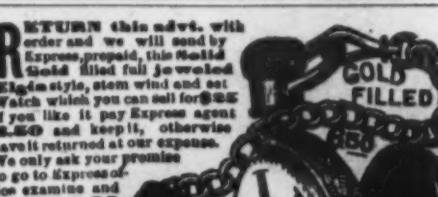
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